HIGH LIGHTS



An Old Adobe Publication
SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD



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HIGH LIGHTS

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HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued by the Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Old Adobe Studio in Sierra Madre, California.

SO THIS IS LOVE

Leslie B. Wynne

"Love makes the world go round," is a familiar saying that never fails to excite surprise. Yet, love not only makes the world go round, it is the raison d'etre not merely for the world but for the universe. The starry skies were made to culminate in life, while life culminates in starry love. When a man falls truly in love with a woman, and she with him, the ends for which the gods so long have toiled have come to pass. But alas, how seldom does such an event occur in actual life! How seldom the one you really love, loves you! A thousand seeds are sown that one may take root; a thousand loves are crossed in the bud that one may bloom.

No man will ever marry except for love; though, of course, if the girl in question happens to have a million dollars, he may find it possible to love her just a little easier. But man is by nature polygamous, a predatory animal free to roam and to choose, and in his day he has many loves. His marriage, st best, is generally but a compromise. Can a man really love two women at the same time? Of course he can, and he generally does, and neither of them may be his wife. Why limit him to two, for that matter? He can just as easily love a half dozen or more at once. Have you forgotten Solomon with his thousand wives who wrote the Canticle of Canticles to his one thousand and first? A man will marry one of his loves to neglect her for the rest of his life and to forget their anniversary year after year, but he never forgets where his other loves lie hidden.

While a man always marries first and regrets it afterwards, a woman usually does her regretting first and then enters marriage as a business proposition, and this for a very good reason. She must generally think first of material things and of love secondly. This is no reflection on her. Accordingly, she dallies long enough with her lovers to find how they stand at the local bank. After that, she looks them up in the social register to see if she is changing her name for better or for worse. It is the prerogative of every woman to marry a man for his money, if she can, but she must never let him guess her intentions ahead of time, because he marries her for her love. After she has once landed him, she may be herself again, if she cares

to. It is a sad thing to contemplate, but it is known that there have actually been so-called men who have taken advantage of this natural right of womankind. Many a woman, having been fooled by a lavish display of glass and iron pyrites, has married a supposed millionaire only to discover immediately afterwards that the fur coat on her back is neither hers nor his, and that the wolf at the door is accompanied by a bill collector come to extort the first installment due on her engagement ring. What should be thought of the despicable wretch that would willfully mislead a poor designing woman in this mean fashion?

True love lies in the laps of the gods from which eminence it is popularly supposed to fall by the force of gravity into the bonded nets of matrimony. Hence comes that erroneous expression, "Marriages are made in heaven." But what has marriage to do with love? It was savage man that first instituted marriage as a kind of property tag to warn other predatory males away from his mate. Now, that he has become in part civilized, he would gladly be rid of it, but he finds it for some unaccountable reason tight around his own neck. No woman will lift her little finger to help him out of his strangle hold for well she knows that, while it may be an incubus for him, it is her salvation. It is the turn of the predatory female now to beware. Every springtime with the migration of the birds, where it is possible, if only in his thoughts, a man lightly sheds his marriage along with his winter overcoat; but what does he do when the frost is on the land and the nights grow long and bitter? He comes home to the one woman who dares let him in; whining to her tearfully, "I am cold;" and he would, forsooth, snuggle up to her for a little cheery warmth. But she sets him sternly at bay and she chides him, saying. "Put on your last winter's overcoat, and your mittens, that I have mended for you." Then, softening with belated pity, knowing his greatest weakness, she leads him into the kitchen to set before him a plate well loaded, not with her bridge-party knickknacks but, with substantial food such as might be satisfying to some starving plowman; and behold, he purrs under her hands like a kitten. Will woman, do you imagine, ever consent to set man free? Yes; she may, if once she is really convinced that he has come to the age of discretion and is able to shift for himself.

DOINGS AT THE ADOBE Alfred James Dewey

The Arts Guild Concert Orchestra, under the able baton of the famous Jascha Gegna, has been preparing a program for a fall concert. The rehersals have been held at seven p.m. Sundays in the Adobe and will continue at that hour throughout the fall.

It would encourage Mr. Gegna and the orchestra if music lovers would drop in to see or (rather "hear") what is being done.

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We have been holding the regular Thursday eveing portrait class as usual. In fact there has been very little change in the class schedule during the summer.

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There is some demand for an exhibition of the sketches and paintings done by local artists and studants. Such an exhibition should be interesting. We'll do it for the October Guild meeting.

There will also be an exhibition of water color and oil paintings by Albert S. Marshall, of Beverly Hills. Albert is a well known and rare painter. He is one of the artists that is selling pictures. He says he doesn't know why they sell and says "I just paint as I like to paint."

Albert's work would be a good thing to study, both by artists and studants. And it would not hurt for prospective picture buyers to delve into causes and effects.

Too many people judge a picture from their own reactions to things that are alive. No artist can paint the vibrations, the atmospheric effects, the modulations that reach the more sensitive feeling of man. But he can paint sympathetic composits of the reactions which result from looking upon the natural sequences of living things.

It's surprising the comments that are made (by even close observers of nature), when looking at a painting.

"I know the exact spot where that picture was painted."

"Oh! I know that place. It's the ridge over there." . . . and so on.

Of course the artist smiles to himself - - for he knows that no painter ever painted a place, a scene, or even a person, "as is." He wouldn't be an artist if he did.

The artist simply makes his own arrangement of various forms, introduces an agreeable color scheme, paints light into the picture and the result, if he be a painter, is a charactorization of the life that every onlooker knows.

Try to paint a picture, sometime, and you will appreciate more than you know what goes into the painting of a picture.

CAMERA CLUB NOTES Harry Arnold

The Camera Club's first fall meeting will be held Friday evening, September 12, inaugerating a new time for such gatherings. The change from Tuesday nights is the result of the inability of most people to attend on that night of the week.

During the forthcoming year many prominent and interesting speakers will feature club meetings, being supplied by the Allied Camera Pictorialists of Pasadena of which group this club is a member. The first big "get together" of the Allied Pictorialists will be held early in October.

Plans are now being prepared for a fall salon and competition. Members of our club are hoping that sufficient interest will be shown so that Sierra Madre prints will be outstanding in the show.

Camera Club members who wish to be notified by mail of current meeting dates should give their names and addresses to the secretary at the September meeting.

THE LAST WORD J. R. McCarthy

(In 10-Story Book)

Old Martin Gilroy fed the seven hens. He was tempted to mend the wire in the chicken yard, just for something to do; but there wasn't any sense in it. He would be moving uptown to live with his brothers in another week or two.

Becky was dead. Now, on the third day, he had finally come to realize that Becky was dead. The funeral was to be that afternoon. All the villagers would come to help Martin Gilroy bury his wife.

Martin smiled. He threw the seven hens an extra handful of grain. He squared his thin shoulders. This was his day and he intended to make the most of it.

People couldn't say he hadn't cared for Becky. Of course he had cared for her. Any man who quarrels with a woman for fifty years and still does not louve her, must love her after a fashion. The only trouble, of course, was the way the quarrels had always turned out. There was no use denying to himself what everyone else knew - - that Becky had won every argument in half a century. That quick mind! That sharp tongue! That last word!

But the last word would not be Becky's today. She could not talk now. Ordinarily, according to the customs, Martin would not be expected to have anything to say either. But Martin Gilroy had planned to upset custom and win his first battle with one stroke.

His sister-in-law, poor Becky's sister, came out of the house and approached him there in the chicken yard. She had an air of proprietorship, lifting her feet rather high for an old woman and surveying the grounds with a satisfied look.

"Well, Martin," she said, "you've kept the fences in pretty good shape."

"Yes, Elvira."

"And the roses ain't exactly ruined."

"No Elvira."

"Thanks mostly to Becky's prodding of you all the time."

"Yes, Elvira."

"Can't you say nothing but yes and no?"

"No, Elvira."

"A smirk on your face, too, Martin Gilroy. As I live and breathe! If Becky was here she would tell you something."

"Yes. But she isn't," said Martin with satisfaction. "And what's more, Elvira, this is one time when I'm going to have the last word. You just wait and see." He stuck out his chin and wiggled his goatee at her in the way which, he remembered always roused her ire just as it had Becky's.

"Oh!" said Elvira. "So that's it, eh? That's just what poor dear Becky was afeared of on her last bed. And I believe you would do it, you wicked old goat, you! Well, all I can say is, as soon as the funeral is all over I want you to pack up and get out of here as fast as you can."

"All right, Elvira. No hard feelings. It's your house, of course. Anyhow, you always got your rent on time. There's no answer to that."

"Isn't there? I got the rent on time because Becky saved it out of what should have been clothes and good times and trips. No answer, ain't there. There's an answer to everything."

Martin sighed and walked toward the house. Maybe there is always an answer if the person is still alive, he thought. But it seemed better not to say it aloud.

The funeral was a splendid affair, with the whole village in curious attendance. Martin, in his good black suit, rode alone in a car behind the hearse, not because he particularly wished to be alone but because the only other person who had a right to ride as a chief mourner was Elvira, and Elvira preferred her own car.

Martin's plan for final victory was an absolute secret. But the fact that he had a plan was not a secret. The expectant faces of the rapidly assembling crowd in the cemetary proved that the rumor was afloat.

Martin was pleased. The Rev. Mr. Pitkins, in charge of the proceedings, turned to the bereaved widower at exactly the right moment - - the last moment. "And now," said Mr. Pitkins, "our brave and mourning brother will speak a few words."

"Becky Gilroy," said Martin in a firm voice," was an excellent and dutiful and patient wife. Her patience was unbelievable. If there was work to be done, or a fight to be won, she would remain at her labor or in the battle until the last syllable. The last syllable. Now that she is no longer able to speak for herself, I am sorrowfully happy to say, in her honor, this last word."

He bowed his head. A murmur of approval from the crowd was suddenly broken by the voice of Becky, loud and shrill and real as life: "You don't say, Martin, you don't say! I've had the last word for fifty years and if you think I can be licked by such a little thing as a funeral you're much mistaken. Now go right back to the house and take off that black suit and fold it up with those moth balls, and . . . ."

The voice suddenly ceased. Elvira, looking out grimly from her sedan, held up a small phonograph. The villagers were polite, decent folk. They did not laugh. Martin walked slowly through the crowd, which fell apart for him. He shook his head in a dazed way.

"I might have known," he kept saying to himself. "I might have known."

GUILD MEETS SEPTEMBER 5

Monthly meetings of the Arts Guild will be resumed on Friday evening, September 5, when various members of the Guild will show Kodachrome shots of their vacation trips. Included will be "re-tours" by Dr. L. L. Krebs, Rollin Lewis, and Bernard Wynne. Music will be provided by Jascha Gegna.

. . . GUILD MEMBERS . . .

The Arts Guild year ends July 31, and memberships, therefore, are now delinquent.

The money raised through these memberships, and through advertising in the HIGH LIGHTS, is the only source of income through which Guild expenses can be financed.

Remittances for Guild memberships can be mailed to Elmer Weese, 354 Canyon, or to Alfred J. Dewey, The Old Adobe, or paid during the September meeting.

MEMBERSHIPS

Sustaining	Supporting	Guild
$10	$3	$1

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TEMPER Stan Blakeslee

At our annual sales banquet, the best selling experience was told by Henry Jimpson.

During his younger days, he told us, he tried to sell books, and had quite a varied assortment. His method was to locate some well-known gossip in a neighborhood, get bits of information about people, and then approach the prospect with a book that would likely appeal to him.

In one suburb the most promising prospect seemed to be a real-estate man that we'll call Merkle, who had a reputation for letting his temper explode.

With some trepidation, but determined to make a sale if possible, Henry went to Merkle's office.

As happens often when a person fortifies himself, the sale proved to be ridiculously easy. The man with a reputation for vile temper was a small, slender person, and very friendly.

When Henry rather timidly produced a book on the control of temper, Merkle laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks, slapping his desk in delight.

"My boy, you've certainly come to the right place with that book," he said, when he gained control. "You've made a sale. My wife'll just die when she hears about it. And to prove to you that I really need such a book I'm going to tell you an anecdote of my early married life.

"I came home from a stag banquet given by the company I was working for. It was about three in the morning, and I'd had a bit to drink. I took my shoes off when I reached the house, thinking to get in without disturbing my wife. Then I knocked over a hall-tree and a stand with a vase on it. The vase broke.

"My wife ran downstairs. She was very kind and gentle, didn't say one cross word. She helped me up to our bedroom and then went down to the kitchen to get me some black coffee.

"I wanted a cigarette, and couldn't find one in my pocket. But I remembered I had a carton in one of the dresser drawers. I tried to pull the drawer open, and it stuck. I jerked and the knobs broke off. I was mad then and gave the dresser a kick, before I realized I was in stockinged feet. I started hopping around the room, yelling and swearing, and my wife spoke from the door.

"'Why don't you take the ax to it, Dear,'" she asked.

"'I would if I had the ax.'

"'I'll get it for you.'

"Well, sir, she brought the ax and I started on that dresser. It took me until morning, but I did a thorough job. When I was finished there wasn't a part of that dresser bigger than a match. And when I came to the carton of cigarettes I chopped it up too. Chopped it into shreds."

Henry interrupted his story and glanced around the banquet table, and we thought he was through with his story.

"The man was a good liar," remarked Henry's left-hand neighbor. "Of course no one would tell such a thing on himself if it was true."

"That's what I thought at first," Henry said. "I laughed with him about it, and then he said he would write me a check for the book on Temper.

"So he pulled a big check-book over and picked up a pen. He stuck the pen in the inkwell, but it did not write at first. He stuck it in the inkwell again, but it still wouldn't write. Then he jabbed it in the inkwell hard, and the pen-point broke. His face got red, but he looked at me and smiled.

"'You see!' he said. 'Temper, my boy. I've got another pen in this drawer.'

"He pulled at the drawer, and it stuck. He gave it a jerk, and the handle pulled off. Then he jumped

up, kicked his chair back, kicked the drawer, and began throwing the things on his desk through the window, and of course, included the book on Temper.

"I thought it wise to retreat. The last I saw of him, he was hopping around his desk, yelling in vain for someone to bring him an ax."

Henry looked at his audience, a slight smile at the corners of his lips.

"That was one of those situations salesmen look for : a real need for the article to be sold. All that had to be found was a method."

Henry beveled the ash on his cigar.

"So," he said, "I sent the book to his wife, and left the rest to her.

"She bought it."

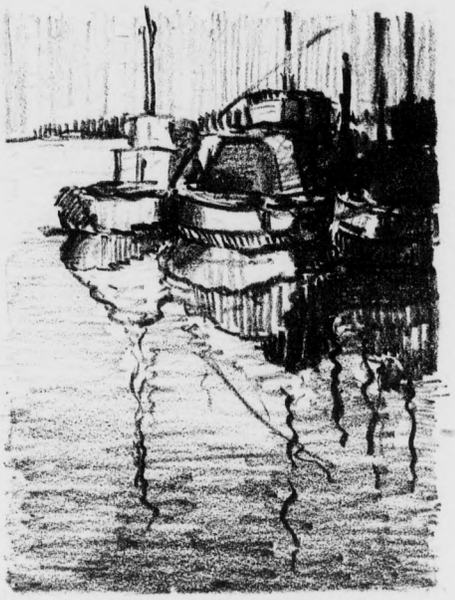
A MAN AND HIS HOUSE — Matthew Biller

(From The American Mercury)

A house that's built upon the sands
May hold a little love and pleasure,
And other things a fool may treasure
While it stands.

A house set carefully in stone
Will stand the force of rain and tide,
And monument the futile pride
Of man when he is gone.

But when a house is built on pain
And sills of want and secret laughter,
It's fit for standing in the rain
And fit for what is after.



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